

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

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Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills.”—Longfellow.

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HERR WAGNER AND THE JEWS.*

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

In one respect we may liken Herr Richard Wagner to Haman. He enjoys the friendship of royalty, and, according to his own account, the admiration of the populace. Nevertheless, Herr Wagner is discontented. Mordecai—the daily press of Germany, France, and England—will not do obeisance, but scowls upon him as a "mere frivolous bungler" in matters of art. Herr Wagner's annoyance at this is not lessened by the demands of his astonished friends for an explanation. "Tell us the Why of so remarkable a phenomenon," say the latter, among whom Madame Marie Muchanoff, née Countess Nesselrode, appears conspicuous. Herr Wagner is ready to tell the Why, and does so in a pamphlet addressed to the noble lady just named.

He begins by going back to the year 1850, and quoting the whole of an article which then appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, signed K. Freigedank. The object of that article was to strike a blow at the "Jewification" of music by giving free expression to certain reasons why (according to the writer) everything Jewish is looked upon with instinctive repugnance. Herr Freigedank believed in a Hebraic domination which it was desirable to overturn, and which, in his opinion, could best be overturned after this fashion. Nobody ever set about a task of the kind in a more thorough-going spirit, or with a greater determination to speak plainly. At the outset, Herr Freigedank separated the Jew from humanity in general by asserting that he "possesses a God all to himself" (we quote from an excellent translation of the turgid original, contributed to the *Musical World*); and described his external appearance as a "disagreeable freak of Nature," both repulsive and inconceivable as an object of representative art. According to the same authority, Jewish speech is a compound of hiss, screech, buzz, and grunt, which offends by the absence of all purely human expression. Being thus repulsive in appearance and language, it is not surprising that "a singing Jew absolutely drives us away directly we are no longer attracted by the utter ludicrousness of such an exhibition." Nevertheless, this strange being, so utterly incapable of artistic manifestation, had obtained "supreme sway over public taste in the most widely spread of any kind of modern art—namely, music." Herr Freigedank accounted for the phenomenon after this manner:—Modern education being a purchasable article, the educated Jew has become a fact. But his education is a mere luxury which he knows not how to use, and which has separated him from his own race only to isolate him among a community he is unable to understand. The influence of this upon music is peculiarly disastrous. "The true poet, no matter in what department of art he produces his poetic work, always derives inspiration only from the truthful and affectionate contemplation of spontaneous life, such as meets his gaze among the people alone." Nowhere can the educated Jew find spontaneous life comprehensible to him outside his own community. The synagogue alone supplies a Hebrew composer with intelligible motives. He can at least understand the "guttural, shrill gabbling, noise" which stands for Jewish religious music. Hence the synagogue tinges all his compositions, which in every other respect are, and can only be, cold and confused reproductions of the most palpable features of Christian art. This is why "Jewish musical works often produce upon us the same effect as, for instance, a poem by Goethe would produce if recited in the Jewish jargon," and also why they present a hash of all styles and forms belonging to all masters and times. Having thus, by means of the educated Jew, led up to Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Herr Freigedank proceeded to attack the great master, then but three years dead:—In the case of one so marvellously endowed there was something tragic in his utter inability to touch the heart. He could charm the ear, but nothing more. Even "all formal power of production" failed him when approaching dramatic music, and there was nothing for it but to copy a predecessor. His choice of that predecessor was significant. Pedantry and formalism were large elements in Bach's musical language, and Bach, therefore, was most easily imitated. For this reason alone he became a model to educated Judaism. Only when Mendelssohn wrote under an oppressive sense of powerlessness did he excite sympathy, though even then sympathy was checked by a feeling that he had no "real, painful, purifying consciousness" of his incapacity. Dismissing Mendelssohn thus, Herr Freigedank turned upon Meyerbeer yet more savagely:—Meyerbeer made it the study of his life to beguile the weariness of his operatic audiences by weariness of another kind. He palmed off his Jewish jargon as the piquant modern expression of familiar ideas, and did so with perfect success. He was simply a clever charlatan who so well deceived others that at last he deceived himself by believing in an artistic reputation gained without an artist's resources. That men like

these two Jews should be able to dominate modern music Herr Freigedank explained by a reference to the "incapability of our epoch in musical art." Modern music, on his showing, has no capacity for life. Down to the time of Beethoven there was not a single Jewish composer, because such a foreign element could not exist in a vital organization. "It is not till a body is evidently dead within that the elements lying outside are able to obtain possession of it."

After the article epitomized above, Herr Wagner tells us, what we are not surprised to learn, that a storm broke about the head of Franz Brendel, editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift*. The storm was brief, however, and the article soon dropped into oblivion. We might attribute this result to contempt, but Herr Wagner assures us it sprang from policy. K. Freigedank and Richard Wagner were one, and from the moment their identity was ascertained nothing was said about the offending paper. The Jews determined to ruin the writer by "damning" his music. How this end has been striven after Herr Wagner tells in one of the most extraordinary stories ever put before the world as truth. We can reproduce only the gist of his narrative.

Against the Freigedank article "the heavier artillery of Judaism" alone thundered for a time, but when Herr Wagner became the object play was made with different weapons. For example, a "highly energetic organization" sprang up, moving in widely ramified circles and directed by consummate skill. Hebrew society, in point of fact, became a powerful machine bent upon running down and crushing a single man. No time was lost in putting it to work, and for eighteen years it has followed Herr Wagner with relentless purpose. In every country whither he betakes himself it crosses his path; alienating his friends, and poisoning against him the springs of public opinion. Of this plenty of examples are forthcoming. When *Lohengrin* was produced at Weimar in 1850, Stahr, Franz, and other eminent critics spoke of it favourably. "But," says Herr Wagner, "this happened only once in the case of each of the several writers. They all became dumb immediately afterwards." The inference, of course, is that they were "got at" by the Hebrew organization. Simultaneously with this, Professor Bischoff, who "plumed himself upon being a Christian, and descended from a superintendent," attacked Herr Wagner's art-writings in the *Kölner Zeitung*, invented the nickname "Music of the Future," and ascribed to Herr Wagner himself all manner of "senseless theories." From this base it was easy to operate against his compositions. The strategy adopted appears to us unnecessarily elaborate. First of all, the Jews fixed upon Dr. Hanslick, a Viennese lawyer, dialectician, and amateur (who was, moreover, an enthusiastic Wagnerite), to be their instrument. The doctor was manageable, and in an essay (Herr Wagner calls it a "libel") on the "Musically Beautiful" he wrote up Mendelssohn with such ingenious art as to be mistaken for a musical authority. The mistake opened to Hanslick a position as critic on the staff of a powerful journal, the first use he made of which was to pronounce Wagner and all his doings "utterly null and void." Conversations such as this went on, and at length there arose an anti-Wagner party described in the pamphlet before us as bound together by, among other ties, the assurance of mutual artistic impotence and unproductiveness.

But Jewish machination did not stop here. It got the press of Europe actually into its hands, and under the plea of good taste in art made war upon Wagner's music wherever it appeared. In Paris the critics "obeyed as in the best disciplined army during an engagement," while in London Herr Wagner was assailed with a "storm of insults" from writers who calculated on the popularity of Mendelssohn and "the peculiar character of the English religion, which strikes competent judges as being based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament." Only in St. Petersburg and Moscow did the press echo public opinion as to the merits of Wagner's music. Somehow revengeful Judaism overlooked those towns. It did not, however, neglect such other chances of doing mischief as now and then came in its way. The German musicians, "honestly confused and frightened" by Herr Wagner's writings, were persuaded into becoming his opponents, and even the "wonderful slothfulness" of the German nature was turned to advantage, as in the case of Robert Schumann, who, finding it troublesome to resist the unquiet Jewish spirit, was at last made captive. Nay, more, a series of events, beginning with Hanslick's "libel," elevated Jewish musical beauty into a dogma, and Hebrews and bamboozled Christians discussed musical aesthetics so as to remind Herr Wagner of "listening to the sal of the Saviour's garments to Jew old clothesmen at the foot of the cross." Finally, we are assured of the complete victory of Judaism, a victory nothing can impair. Hebrew society has had full revenge, and this is why Herr Wagner's music is scouted by the leaders of European opinion.

We are content to give a mere digest of this extraordinary pamphlet, because it is unworthy of serious discussion and refutation. What can be said to a man no greater than Herr Wagner, who fancies himself, for such a cause as the pamphlet of 1850, the object of a persecution like that described above; and who, after assuming the

* *Das Judenthum in der Musik.* Von Richard Wagner. Leipsic: Weber. London: Nutt. 1869.

[August 21, 1869.]

unanswerableness of charges which were really unanswered because despised, attributes all his subsequent failures to intrigue? Moreover, Herr Wagner had no real occasion for this last outburst. His influence on modern art is unmistakable: his works excite a growing curiosity, and his movements attract a share of public notice larger than ever. We honestly regret that this is so, on account of the seriously threatened interests of art.

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NEW MUSIC.

Concerts have ceased, and singers and players rest awhile from their labours, but the music press, like Tennyson's "Brook," goes on for ever. Some of its more recent productions are before us demanding notice.

Messrs. Lamborn Cock & Co., have published two new compositions for the piano, by Mr. C. A. Barry. The first, "A Birthday March," is a work of very considerable merit. It is characterized by varied but always well-marked rhythm, its melodies are original to a degree rarely met with in works of the kind, and it is laid out for the instrument with all needful skill. In short, the march deserves scoring for an orchestra, which we recommend Mr. Barry to set about doing as speedily as may be. The second piece is a "Theme with Variations" for two performers on one piano. Its subject, only eight bars long, is of psalmodic quality, but the seventeen variations and *coda* built upon it show no lack of spirit, neither is there any want of ingenuity. Mr. Barry has made good use of the resources supplied him by four hands, and the result is an interesting and capital work, which, wherever played, will give pleasure.

Messrs. M'Dowell & Co. have published a ballad called "The Wave of Golden Hair" (timely title), music by W. Howard. The words are here and there curious, as when, for example, the writer says he always found his sorrows sinking "beneath that wave of golden hair." Words, however, go for little in ballad music nowadays. The music is very simple and unpretending, and there is considerable feeling in the melody, two requisites in ballad-making often overlooked. The accompaniment is an ordinary *arpeggio*. Mr. Howard should cultivate his power to write good and unaffected tunes.

From Messrs. Kreutzer, Samson, & Co., we have received a song called "Other Knights may woo thee, Maiden," of which the music has been written by Mr. Seymour Smith. The poetry—addressed by a lover to his mistress with the offer of some violets—is particularly good, and "Ci-devant" need not have printed it under a *nom de plume*. All that can be said about the music to the first three verses is that, while not strikingly original, it is well put together. That to the last verse (in the relative minor) takes higher rank because marked by genuine passion. Altogether the song is pleasing and agreeable.

As we wished and anticipated, Messrs. Boosey & Co. have published the beautiful Lullaby in Mr. A. S. Sullivan's *Cox and Boz*, with more serious words than those addressed to the frying bacon. In this new form the song is known as "Birds in the Night," the verses by Lionel H. Lewin. The quality of Mr. Lewin's poetry can be judged by this one extract:—

Birds in the night that softly call,
Winds in the night, that strangely sigh,
Come to me, help me, one and all,
And murmur baby's lullaby.
Lullaby, baby, while the hours run
Fair may the day be, when night is done."

That Mr. Sullivan's charming music with such words as these will have extensive and continued favour there ought to be little doubt. Messrs. Boosey & Co. have also published *The Children's Choral Book* edited by the Rev. C. S. Beere. This little work is a collection of thirty juvenile pieces arranged for three equal voices and gathered from various sources. We can honestly commend it to schools in which singing is either a study or a relaxation. The words are healthy, and the music suited, for the most part, to its special purpose. Another recommendation may be found in the almost absurd cheapness of the book.

Messrs. Cocks & Co., send us No. 1 of *Scripture Narratives*, "Mary Magdalene," set to music by Sidone. The work is correctly done, here and there a doubtful case excepted, but the general effect can hardly fail to be monotonous owing to frequent alternation between the tonic key and that of E major. In such a long *scena* there is ample room for varied modulation, of which the composer should have taken advantage. On the other hand, much ingenuity has been displayed in setting the words to music, and some of the passages are capable of a good deal of expression.

Among the recent publications of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., are "Choral Hymns" (settings to music of familiar sacred lyrics) by J. Tillicard. They are of fair average merit, as psalm tunes go, and will, doubtless, meet with a favourable reception in many quarters. For ourselves, we should prefer music a little more broad and masculine in character. The taste of the day is against us, however, and we are not surprised to find composers adapting themselves to it rather than to an unpopular ideal. As each of Mr. Tillicard's Chorales is printed separately the collection will be of great use in many quarters where only one or two particular hymns are needed.

Not among new music but new editions must be classed fragments of Stradella's cantata, *Medea*, edited and arranged by Josiah Pittman "from a rare and unpublished MS." (C. Lonsdale). We welcome this publication as an instalment of justice to an Italian master who has assuredly not received his due. Stradella was among the greatest musicians of the latter half of the

seventeenth century, and it is fitting, if only from an antiquarian point of view, that the public should know more of him. The fragments before us have been well put together by Mr. Pittman, and their various styles show the composer in a variety of aspects. Some of the passages are remarkable for their fine dramatic power, though, of course, characterized by the mannerism of the day, and all are interesting to no ordinary extent. Mr. Pittman, we hope, will go on burrowing among the lumber rooms of the past to bring out that which is not lumber.

With the most important re-issues must be classed *The Student's Edition of Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues by John Sebastian Bach*, edited by John F. Barnett and Cipriani Potter (Hutchings and Sonner). There is no need to say a word about the music, but a good deal may be advanced in favour of the present edition. The book is an oblong folio, beautifully printed, remarkably free from typographical errors, and generally well got up. Against the way in which the editors have done their work very little can be said. They have wisely refrained from a multiplicity of finger directions; and, not less wisely, they have furnished the needful guidance in all doubtful and difficult passages. More than this no real student needs, while this and no more materially helps his progress. We commend the edition unreservedly to all who desire a practical acquaintance with Bach's immortal compositions. T. E.

—
THE OPERA SEASON.

The first coalition season has ended, and not even the mildest of our contemporaries has a good word to say for it. Some journals positively decline to trouble themselves with a *résumé* of its doings, and others are satisfied with a contemptuous reference to the leading events. Such is the result of a scheme which was to astonish London. We can hardly measure the collapse unless we recall the circumstances under which the season began. There were great expectations, when, on the 30th of March last, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, in their now celebrated characters as the twin showmen, rang up the curtain for the first time. Much was expected because it was thought that, with such magnificent resources, much was bound to be done. Though the coalition was not liked, owing to an instinctive feeling that it would ultimately work ill for art, nobody believed in present failure. True, there were half-announced speculations as to how the conflicting claims of so many *prime donne* would be reconciled. Apart from this it seemed as though the directors had only to let their machine "slide" in order to reap a harvest of glory. How they have wasted their opportunities, and shrouded their prospects in clouds and darkness, the history of the last four months tells; this fact standing out prominently all through—that their efforts were failures; their one great success a fluke which they tried hard to avoid.

We are not about to trace the progress of the season through its uninteresting stages; nor shall we put on record when such and such a well-worn opera was produced to be repeated *ad nauseam*. The thing had its day, and, once told, not only sufficient for its day, but for all time, was the story thereof; so we let it pass towards the oblivion which ought speedily to swallow it up. There are, however, certain features of the Gye-Mapleson campaign which will repay consideration before they are finally dismissed.

In the first place the "star" system has been tried and found wanting. It was never more fairly put to the test, because never have two more brilliant luminaries than Madame Patti and Mdlle. Nilsson afforded the means of trial. We can almost excuse the managers for believing they had only to show these ladies alternately, and hold out a promise of showing them together, in order to satisfy everybody. Band, chorus, *ensemble*, what did it matter about the perfection of such things?—who cares to look at the fixed stars when a glorious meteor is traversing the heavens? The result has evinced more discrimination than was credited to the operatic audience. Mesdames Nilsson and Patti were all that could have been wished, and the public gave them the tribute of admiration. The theatre filled nightly, and the coalition reaped nightly profit. But underneath all this fair show lay a stratum of discontent. Nobody was satisfied apart from the *prime donne* and one or two other established favourites, because, apart from these, there was a *scarcely* no cause for satisfaction. After all, the admirers of *prime donne* like a good *ensemble*, and the directors have only to attempt another season upon similar principles, in order to scratch away the enthusiasm of their supporters, and reveal the "Tartar" it covers.

But the "starring" of the past season has not merely resulted in a deficient *ensemble*. It has led to an almost entire neglect of classical opera. *Fidelio*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Don Giovanni*, the first two given but once or twice, represent all the selections from the greatest masters; such works as *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Medea* being entirely overlooked. This has naturally, and properly, given offence to a not unimportant section of opera-goers, which, once so well catered for at Her Majesty's has of late found itself badly off indeed. We hope and believe the class alluded to is growing in importance, and that it will soon be able to command more attention from managers than is at present enjoyed. Meanwhile, its cause is advocated by the critics

with a fidelity to the interests of art that, if the Press exert any power at all, cannot fail to do good. According to some people, musical journalists have much to answer for, but it can never be said against them that at a time when an unhappy coalition appeared in the heyday of success, they neglected their duty and swam with the tide. If the opera managers of next season are wise they will humour the classic-loving public, and make staunch friends of, possibly, formidable foes.

Another obvious defect of the past season has been the absence from the musical department of one competent chief armed with *sola and sufficient authority*. There can be no doubt that whatever musical excellence was to be found at Covent Garden under the old management resulted from the dictatorship of Sir Michael Costa. The thing is reasonable. The conductor was able, and he was supreme—there could be no surer guarantee of success. Mr. Gye, however, determined to go upon the opposite track. He would have no *imperium in imperio*, but he—Mr. Gye—would rule as much over the musical department as any other. So Sir Michael Costa was shelved, and, on the principle “divide and govern,” two conductors were appointed, having co-ordinate authority—to do as they were bidden. The results everybody knows, yet we must point to them once again. There was, in the first place, *Don Bucefalo*, an opera which no conductor, with the right of choice or even the power of *veto*, would have consented to produce. That “flimsey farce” is an example of what may be done when unmusical managers or their equally unmusical lieutenants take upon themselves the duties of a *chef d'orchestre*. Again, we have seen the effect of Mr. Gye’s policy in performances rarely excellent, mostly discreditable. Band, chorus, and the general *ensemble* showed the want of a single, controlling, and competent will. Mr. Gye is undoubtedly a very clever man, but even he could not replace the master of whom he got rid, while his twin conductors turned out a mistake, gross to the point of ridicule, especially as one of them proved incompetent.

These remarks strike us as embodying the chief lessons of the season, and as pointing out what will have to be avoided in future, both by the coalesced directors and their rivals, if they would secure real success. The “star” game is well nigh played out, because even fashionable opera-goers begin to grumble—a pretty sure sign of its coming end. Then, neglect of classical works grows more and more unprofitable as public taste improves, while, as regards the absence of a controlling musical mind, there never could be a doubt of its unwisdom. Let us hope that these lessons will be pondered by whomsoever they most concern.

THADDEUS EGG.

BABY ACTORS.

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

SIR.—Some time ago I was behind the scenes of a theatre during the performance of a popular fairy scene in a pantomime, in which, I think, about a dozen little children were employed. Before they were wanted on the stage they toddled about among the actors and actresses, receiving a pat on the head from one, and a bit of barley-sugar from another, and kind words from all. Even when they were in the way they met with neither rough treatment nor rough words. They were warmly though plainly dressed; their hair was clean from frequent brushing; their faces were bright, healthy, and cheerful. They were accompanied by their mothers, or by some female friends or relatives, who were themselves employed at the theatre in some capacity or other, and the pay of each was from sixpence to a shilling a night, for which the little creatures appeared before the public for some five or ten minutes at most. Now, Sir, although I admit that these children would be better in bed at 12 o’clock at night, or, indeed, anywhere else, than on the boards of a theatre, I cannot help thinking that the comforts which an additional 3s. a week will procure would in some degree compensate for the advantages of a couple of hours’ sleep in the absence of the mother engaged at the theatre, who probably would leave her child alone in a room which, without a fire, would be comfortless, and with a fire dangerous. Most assuredly there was nothing in what I saw to inspire disgust in the most philanthropic mind, and certainly the children to whom I spoke were both happy, healthy, and kindly treated. I was told by the mother of one of them that, not being required to go to the theatre at a very early hour, she was able to sleep longer in the morning and to allow her child even more rest than she would have done had she to earn her livelihood as some of her neighbours did. The theatre to which I allude is not what is called a first-class or high-price theatre. I may therefore fairly assume that the children employed at superior establishments are not less well treated than those whom I saw; and, if so, I can assure the “Childless Bachelor” that their lot in no degree resembles that of the Lancashire factory child, whom I have myself seen plodding through the black snow at 6 o’clock on a bitter winter’s morning, crying as if its little heart would break from cold and sheer misery.

HABET.

Temple, Jan. 12.

HALLE.—The members of the Singacademie lately gave a highly successful performance of Handel’s *Messiah*.

EILEEN AROON.

This melody has been palmed upon the public under the name of “Robin Adair,” as Scotch. Burns asserted that it and “Molly Astore,” which he termed “Gramachree,” were both Scotch: he was in error; but the circumstance is a proof of their merit and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman; he was ancestor of Viscount Molesworth; lived at Hollypark, in the county of Wicklow; and early in the last century was a member of the Irish Parliament. It is, perhaps, not generally known from whence the famous expression of Irish hospitality, “Cead mille fulte,” was taken. It occurs in the concluding stanza of “Eileen Aroon,” and is thus translated by Thomas Furlong, an Irish scholar, who died in 1827:—

“A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen Aroon!
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen Aroon!
Oh! welcome evermore,
With welcome yet in store,
Till love and life are o’er,
Eileen Aroon!”

There are two songs entitled “Eileen Aroon” (“Ellen, the secret treasure of my heart”). The old version from which the above stanza is taken bears internal evidence of antiquity. The first line of the second stanza of it, “I would spend a cow to entertain thee,” proves that it was composed before coined money was in general use. The following is esteemed the most probable account of the circumstances which gave rise to it:—

Carol O’Daly, commonly called “Mac Caomh Insi Cneamh,” brother to Domogh More O’Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in music and poetry. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named Kavanagh, a lively young lady who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O’Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded of impressing on the mind of Ellen, a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another; after some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O’Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O’Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of “Eileen Aroon,” which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain the very soul of pensive melody. In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is, that he would be her partner, or only love for life. In the second, that he would entertain her, and afford her every delight. After this, he tenderly asks will she depart with him, or, in the impressive manner of the original, “Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen Aroon.” She soon felt the force of this tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he bursts forth into his hundred thousand welcomes. To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to go with him that very night.

The other version was composed by a Munster bard of the 17th century, who endeavoured to excel, by a profusion of poetic embellishment, the original and sweetly simple song of “Eileen Aroon.” The following is a specimen of the translation of it by the late John D’Alton, Esq.:—

“Blind to all else but thee,
Eileen Aroon!
My eyes only acho to see
Eileen Aroon!
My ears banquet on the praise,
Pride and pleasure of my days:
Source of all my happiness!”
Eileen Aroon!”

Such is the history of the old song, “Robin Adair.”

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

MUNICH.—The Royal Residenz-Theater re-opened on the 26th ult. Auber’s *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is one of the operas given since then. It pleased as much as ever.

HAMBURG.—The Singacademie, formerly under the direction of Grund, then of Stockhausen, and, at present, of Herr von Bernuth, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this autumn. Among the works selected for performance on the occasion are Handel’s *Solomon* and Beethoven’s *Ninth Symphony*.

WIEDENWANG.—The subscription for the Gluck monument to be erected here has reached the sum of 1750 florins. Of this, the King of Bavaria gave 400 florins; the King of Wurtemburg 100 florins; the King of Saxony, 52 florins; the Grand Duke of Hesse, 100 florins; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 87 florins. Liberal German Potentates! About seventy-four pounds raised among five of them for a monument to Gluck

A WARNING TO ORGANISTS

My name is Belford. I am a music teacher. Among my other duties is that of playing the organ for the village, where I reside. At one time, it was my custom to practice my music for Sunday on Saturday afternoons. I do not do so now, why, you will understand when I have told you all that happened the last time I did so. It was just striking four o'clock as I unlocked the great doors of the church, and in company with the sexton's boy, who was to blow the bellows for me, went upstairs to the organ loft. There is a gallery in our church, at the end of which, over the front door, is placed my organ. It is a fine large instrument, and has a handsome case. Opening the organ desk, I went to work. I improvised my own voluntaries at that time, and as usual began to make up what I fondly imagined to be a first-class composition.

Presently I thought I heard some one speak.

"Did you say anything, Johnny?"

"Me?" No, sir, I thought you was talking."

Then I went on playing. Suddenly the wind gave out, and the boy came round in front of the organ, and asked if I called him.

"No, I have not said a word. Give me some more wind, please."

Then he went to work again. Once more I heard a voice. Calling to Johnny, I told him to be quiet, and not talk to himself."

"I didn't, sir, I ain't said a word."

"Well, well, go on with your work."

In a few moments I heard the voice again, and quite plainly. I stopped playing, and the boy appeared beside me quite terrified.

"Oh, sir, there is somebody in the church! I heard 'em."

"Hallo, there," said I, leaning over the edge of the gallery, "is anybody down there?"

But not a sound came up from the dimly lighted church below. Then we went to work and searched the whole place, but found no one. After a while, I returned to my practice; suddenly, out of the very depths of the organ came these words:

"He ought to know better. It is a great shame."

"Now, sir, whoever you are, we have found you out," said I; and calling the boy to aid me, if need be, I cautiously opened the door at the back of the organ, and looked in. There was nothing to be seen, save the dusty rows of pipes and the machinery.

"Well, Johnny, it must be a ghost or some other harmless being. If it amuses him to talk, let him talk. We have work to do, and will inform him we are not afraid of him."

Thereupon we resumed our respective duties. Directly the voice spoke again, but I paid no heed, and went on with my music. All of a sudden, without the slightest warning, one of the great gilded pipes over my head slipped out of its place down to the floor, and stood leaning against the organ beside me. Thinking it might fall, I got up to remove it to a safe place till it could be replaced. Just as I put out my hands to lift it, the thing gave three hops, and retreated from me as though it were alive, while from its mouth came a hollow voice, saying, "Let me alone; you trouble us enough already."

Quite dumb with surprise, I stood looking at the thing, when it gave another hop, and retreated still further. Looking round, I saw Johnny, white with terror, gazing wildly at the organ. Glancing up, I saw all the face pipes turning about as if they, too, meditated a descent. Really frightened at the state of affairs, I turned to go. The boy, seeing me, started with a scream, and tore through the door and down the stairs, and in an instant I heard the great doors slam after him with a crash. Seizing my book, I prepared to follow, when another tall pipe came down right before me, and cried out, "stop!" Flinging my book with all my might right at the thing, I rushed past it into the entry. Down stairs I went, and fairly flew at the huge doors. They were locked fast. Johnny had sprung the lock, and I was fastened in. In my terror I shook the doors, beating and kicking them to make all the noise I could. "Let me out! Oh! let me out. Help! help! Save me!" I cried. It was all in vain. No one opened to me or paid the slightest attention to my cries. Then I rushed at the vestry door. It was shut tight—locked.

"Oh! what shall I do? What a terrible noise. The organ is bewitched. Goodness! The pipes are all coming down stairs after me." Hop, hop, down they came, stamping along just like the statue in *Don Giovanni*. I did not stop to look at them long, but opening the door into the church, I ran through the broad aisle and up the pulpit stairs. Here, at least, I was safe. If they followed me I could pelt them with the hymn books, or defend myself with the big Bible. Creeping under the cloth that is spread over the desk to keep the dust out, I sat down on the floor in an agony of terror. "Heavens! what a noise." Pound, pound, rap, rap, click, click—it sounded like a hundred men walking with crutches. I suppose it was the big wooden pipes that made the pounding as they hopped along, and the sharp clicking was from the little metal pipes as they slipped over the floor. At last the noise seemed to die away, and I lifted a corner of the cloth and looked out. The organ first met my view. Nothing remained but the empty case. Every pipe was gone. Looking down over the pews, I saw every one of the fifteen hundred pipes, great and small, propped up against the seats, or leaning their clumsy lengths against the gallery or walls. Gravely hopping up the broad aisle, I saw a fat

wooden stopped diapason pipe coming directly towards me. Clutching a book, I prepared to defend myself. But the thing offered me no harm.

It merely poked the handle of its tampion under the cloth and pulled it off, leaving me exposed to the view of the remarkable company before me. At sight of me there arose a suppressed and windy groan. It sounded just as the organ does when the wind suddenly gives out while it is being played. Quite dismayed, I retreated to the rear of the pulpit and sat down on the sofa, with the hymn book still in my hand. Directly I heard a low rumble near me, and looking to the right I saw one of the great sub-bass pipes leaning against the wall by the side of the pulpit and towering up over my head. On the front of the pipe were painted two capital C's, and I knew at once it was the double C pipe, the largest in the organ. Boom, boom, roared the huge thing, and as I listened, the tone resolved itself into these words:

"Fellow pipes and fellow sufferers. Endurance is at an end. At last the hand that has reigned over us with such cruel power is at our mercy. Our organist has been captured and is before you. Has anyone ought to say against him?"

"Yes, yes," shouted a hundred pipes at once.

"One at a time," said the double C. "We will proceed by stops, and hear each complaint in order. What have the sub-bass to say?"

Then an unwieldy sub-bass growled out in D sharp, "that their complaint was that they were used too much. He makes us speak all the time without the slightest regard to the effect. We do nothing but thunder all the while."

"That's true," said a dozen pipes at once. "The big pipe entirely drowns us."

"Silence!" said the double C. "One at a time. We must have order. What complaint have the diapasons to offer?"

"Our complaint," said a tall leaden pipe, "is, that we are not used enough. He neglects our church-like harmonies, and wastes all his energies on the fancy stops."

"It is false," said I, starting up.

"Silence!" exclaimed the big pipe, frowning down on me. "Be quiet, or I shall tumble over and crush you." I retreated to my seat. If the huge thing should fall, my life would not be worth a paper of pins.

"Our complaint," said a delicate wooden flute pipe tuned to A, "is not that we sing too much, for we love to sing, but that we are compelled to perform such wretched melodies—his own compositions, we believe. They are but empty nothings, and make us sick."

"He never uses us at all," exclaimed a hautboy pipe in F. "We rust in silence all the year round."

"No wonder," shouted a score of pipes, great and small, "you are never in tune."

"Yes, we are in tune. The dust gets in our tongues sometimes, and makes them rattle, but he never has us cleared out."

"Order, order," roared the double C. "One at a time. Are there any more complaints to be made?"

"Yes, yes," they all cried in concert. He plays his own compositions, makes up his voluntaries, improvises nonsense, neglects the great masters, never lets us sing from Bach, or Mozart, or Beethoven. Down with him! the wretch!"

"Order, order," thundered the great C, stamping his wooden foot on the floor. At last he quieted his unruly company, and it was passably still.

Just then a tall gilded pipe stood up and said: "Your Honour, in behalf of the face pipes, I have one more complaint to make against our organist. He has this day struck one of our number with his book, and ruined it for life. There," said the pipe, pointing to a corner where stood a gilded pipe with a horrible dent just over its mouth, "is the innocent victim of his rage."

Thereupon, a wheezy groan rose from the assembled pipes. After a pause, the great double C turned towards me, and said, "Prisoner, you have heard the complaints that have been brought against you. Have you anything to say in extenuation of your guilt?"

No, I had nothing. It was all true, every word of it. Hiding my face in my hands, I leaned back in my seat, and was silent. Then a wild and hollow laugh re-echoed through the church.

"If the prisoner has nothing to say," resumed the pipe, we shall infer he is guilty. His silence we shall take for confession, and shall therefore proceed to sentence him. Then he pulled the tampion out of a stopped pipe near him and placed it on his own head.

"This, then, is your sentence. In the first place, your offence is two-fold; therefore your punishment shall be divided into two parts. For the first and most heinous crime, that of abusing your position as organist, you are condemned to have your ears split open by horrible discords. For the crime of wilfully mutilating a face pipe, you shall be compelled to hear one of your own compositions performed by the full organ. What little life remains after the first punishment has been inflicted, will be effectually extinguished by the second. We will now proceed to inflict the first punishment. At a given signal every pipe will sound his individual note as loud as he can."

Thereupon they all began to tune up their several tones. As for me, I began to stuff my handkerchief into my ears to save, if possible, my auditory nerve from total destruction. While so doing I glanced at the front door and observed that it was being violently shaken. Suddenly it burst open, and there stood the sexton and his son —

I remember nothing more. They told me the next day that I was found on the pulpit stairs quite insensible.

Perhaps you don't believe all this. It is true, every word of it.

TWO ACTRESSES.

Among the half dozen actresses whom I have known, two, who are no longer living—Sontag and Rachel—left impressions upon me, as women, that I am sure will never be obscured by time's attrition. Both were of humble birth, and both were remarkable for the distinguished elegance of their manners, but with this difference—that Sontag, charming and elegant on the stage, was charming and elegant in private; while Rachel, who, behind the footlights, was the ideal of a queen or a great lady of the old school, in private, although courteous and well-mannered, showed the stamp of her origin and her profession—how, I cannot tell, but there it was, unmistakably. Sontag, if she had been born Countess de Rossi; or, for that matter, De Montmorency, could not have shown in her personal bearing nobility of a higher, simpler type; but on the stage she was surpassed in this respect by the Jewess, who, as unable in private to conceal her breeding as her race, showed yet upon the stage the command and the graciousness of those who are borne in the purple.

Saying this, one day, to the late eccentric Count Gurowski, I was pleased, and not surprised, to have the curt reply, "Ouf! Rachel is the only *grande dame* on de tay-ahtre." Sontag, when I knew her, was a mature woman, and my senior by many years; and yet, notwithstanding this, and a knowledge of the world besides, that showed itself in all she did and said, and which rivalled that of her gambling husband, she seemed to me to diffuse around her all the influences of youthfulness and vivacity. A freshness as delicate as the first perfumes of early spring was hers, an unaffected softness of manner, that had the gratefulness of balm, and its fragrant virtue. She had the tenderness and crispness of youth, without its greenness. I have rarely met a girl of 17 so young as Sontag was at the age of 45. I have said nothing of her beauty, for that was well-known to all men. And when I saw it still preserved, I then first recollect that I had heard of it before I was old enough to know what woman's beauty was; but I had not heard of her hand, which was beautiful enough to worship, as we may worship all perfection. And this woman, so beautiful, so winning in her ways, so charming as a singer and an actress, was also clever in the most attractive form of female cleverness. She talked well, without sententiousness and without learning; and she had humour as much as becomes a truly feminine woman. I shall never forget her description of the pompous dulness of the dinners and the evenings at the country houses of English noblemen and gentlemen to which she was invited, after her marriage with Count Rossi and her retirement from the stage. The essays in gallantry of men who had been fox-hunting or shooting all day, and who had come home tired and hungry to get themselves up in festive apparel, and to eat a hearty dinner and drink heavy wine, were not much to her taste; although if she were half as lively under their infliction as she was in describing it, she must have been a priceless creature amid all that dulness. Only one indication of her humble origin and of self-consciousness escaped her. I happened to mention that I had followed a procession, in a large city, for the purpose of observing the people called out by its passage, and that I had found the prettiest woman among those in the lower condition of life. "Ah," she said, slightly dropping her eyelids, "it is always so."

Rachel talked more of the stage and of literature than Sontag did. She made an admission to me one evening that was surprising. She had been playing *Phœdre*, with grandeur, and great power over the emotions of her audience; but she spoke to me with a naturalness that she never surpassed on the stage, of her weariness of French tragedy, of its sentimentality, its prosiness, and its stilted verse. "Oh, that I had learned English, that I might play Shakspere! but now it is too late." "What, are you not satisfied with Racine, or even Corneille?" "No; Corneille has moments, and one can make something out of Racine by much study of the best parts." I complimented her upon her *Phœdre*, which, although an unpleasant character, seemed to me one that gave scope for fine acting. "Yes, I have an opportunity for doing something; but that boy," waving her hand as if Hippolytus were present, "what does he do but spout nonsense! And that old man with his monster" (referring to Theramene's description of the death of Hippolyte), "and all the rest—how stupid (*bête*) it is! Give me Shakspere."

If this was a delicate compliment to a man of Shakspere's race, and a student of his works, it was elaborate and a very superfluous one. I am inclined to think that it was not so; but a genuine expression of opinion and feeling which she might not have been willing to avow to a Frenchman. She was right as to her capacity. To see her play Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth would have been worth a voyage to Europe. She was born to play—perhaps with the capacity to be—Lady Macbeth; and, except her black hair, to be the wife of Cawdor, who, I do not doubt was just such a lithe, spiritual, alluring female fiend as she; or perhaps bright, and sunny, and sweet, and surely yellow-haired, like Lydia Thompson, who herself has capacities for tragedy in the fine lines of her face. As for those, big, black, bony Lady Macbeths, that stalk about the stage and stare out of pictures, they might drive a soldier to seek death upon the field, but they could tempt him neither to marriage nor to murder.

The last time I saw Rachel to speak with her, was on the occasion of her last appearance in the full possession of her powers. I was in Boston and she played *Adrienne Le Couvreur*. Of course I did not miss that performance and it was unusually firm and finished, even for her. It seemed to me as if she were playing it for her own delight, and that she gave herself up to the impersonation of the unhappy actress with such abandonment of self that she really suffered the pangs she stimulated, and inflicted them upon her own soul with a fierce joy. Walking in the lobby, between two acts, I met the manager, Mr. Barry, who soon asked me if I was acquainted with Mdlle. Rachel, and then kindly proposed that I should go behind the scenes and send my name to her dressing-room. I did so. My card found her ready dressed for the next act, and she came immediately out. I stood by the front, and she came on at the back. The stage was deep, and down the long and dimly-lighted aisle between the side scenes and the wall she came with swift steps, the golden sequins of her Venetian head-dress glittering in the glosy darkness of her hair, and her black eyes burning so brightly that when she first appeared I saw them gleaming through the gloom before I saw the sequins. She put out both hands for a greeting that was rather Anglo-Saxon than French in its simple heartiness, and, after a few inquiries about people in New York, we fell into general talk, and I told her how very much I had enjoyed the performance that evening. A slight tinge of colour came into her pale face (which the coming scene required not to be touched with rouge), not, I believe, at my compliment, but at her own consciousness, as she replied, "Ah! yes? I am delighted; for this evening I am playing with my whole heart."

After a conversation of a few minutes, in which she was full of life and spirit, she asked me to call on her the next day, when, as she did not play that evening, she would be entirely at liberty, and to come about eleven o'clock. I turned my head an instant toward Mr. Barry, who stood a little behind me; and, although my movement was as slight and as quick as possible, when I looked again she was vanished out of sight. There was not a foot-fall, or the rustle of a gown, or even the clink of two sequins. I saw no trace or sign of the woman with whom I had been speaking the twinkling of an eye before. It was as if she had been swallowed by the earth, or to speak in keeping with the place where we were, as if she had gone down at my feet through a noiseless trap. I turned with a look of amazement to the manager, who said, "Just like her. Now she will stand by herself and take no notice of anything till it's time for her to go on. Will you go to your box?" For, with all his polite attention, Mr. Barry, like a sensible manager, was not inclined to have loungers on the stage while the business of the scenes was going on. But I needed no invitation to hasten to see the performance from the front.

The next morning I called at the appointed hour; and, after waiting rather longer than I thought I should be kept alone when I was expected, the door opened, and there appeared not Rachel, but her sister, Mdlle. Sarah, who brought Rachel's regrets. She was not well enough to see any one. She was feverish, had a cough, and must nurse herself for to-morrow evening. I took this for a woman's and, if the ladies of the stage will pardon me for saying so, an actress's put-off. I remembered her high condition the evening before, and did not believe that she was ill at all; but that being lazy, or bored, or indifferent, or occupied more to her taste, she had sent me this excuse. I should have felt certain of it if she had sent me also a certificate of her condition from her physician. But I wronged her. She received her death-warrant, and was never well again. She played afterwards, but her performances were unequal in quality, and were frequently interrupted by her inability to bear the fatigue of acting; and ere long she went back across the ocean to die. Trifling as my misjudgment was—one of a kind that a man runs the risk of at least twelve times a year—I never looked again into her fading eyes, or heard her short, sharp cough, without a guilty feeling. And still I have it, mingled with my pleasure at the thought that I saw, under such circumstances, and with such stimulating condiment of personal intercourse, the last really complete performance of her whom I believe to have been the greatest actress the world ever saw.

Will the world see another Rachel? I think not. Nature is not exhausted; but her riches are taken from her bosom only when they supply a need; and the need of great actors, or even of acting of a high grade, seems to be long felt. The drama, as an intellectual diversion of the mind from one channel of thought into another, has passed away, I think, for ever. The public—even the cultivated public—in all countries, prefers that kind of theatrical entertainment at which it is not required to think. It asks, not diversion—turning of the mind from one object to another—but the pleasure of the senses while the mind lies dormant. It seeks only to amused. Of this mood, burlesque or "spectacular extravaganza" is the natural and inevitable product. We, of Anglo-Saxon race, at least have probably seen the last of our legitimate drama.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE, in the "Galaxy" (American), for August.

L' Histoire de Palmerin d' Olibe filz du Roy FLORENDOIS de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remioius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mangin, dit le Petit Angerain. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

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DEATH.

On Thursday, the 12th inst., at Manchester, Mr. W. LINDLEY, violinist, son of the late Robert Lindley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. (NORWICH).—You are quite right. *Die Rue des Petrus* was composed by Liebau, organist of Quedlinburg. The scoring is very original.

CURIOS.—Coppola's *Nina* was played in London in 1837.

PEDAL.—Gottfried Silbermann, the organ-builder, died while erecting the instrument in the Catholic Church, Dresden, 1754.

NOTICE.

It is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

A PECAN.

THAT which Disraeli took away, Gladstone has restored, and the Royal Academy of Music is again in receipt of its subvention. Oh! let us be joyful?—by all means. We will sing anthems, and burn incense to the Beneficent Fates in whose smiles Tenterden Street now basketh.

From out the national treasury there is, henceforth, to flow, in the direction of our national music-school, five hundred golden sovereigns. What unreasonable people are they who scoff and call this a "dole!"—who laugh at the five hundred golden sovereigns, and say the national treasury ought to be ashamed of itself for not vomiting twice as many thousands in a grand annual spasm! These are impracticable people, who never struck a balance in their lives; who never saw why both ends should meet, and never tried to make them even approximate. If such folk could learn a single lesson in economics, we would refer them to Mr. Robert Lowe, who, in brief space, would explain the value of the Royal Academy gift. Five hundred golden sovereigns yearly is a right royal present, a Regium Donum in very deed and truth, as was the "widow's mite" of old. We concede to the grumblers that it would be as nothing out of the treasury of a mighty kingdom like Bavaria, or out of the overflowing exchequer of wealthy Italy. But for England—the pauper of our European community with not a penny to spare—for England to spend fifty ten-pound notes on music, is a sacrifice to the Beautiful reaching the heroic. Consider, all of you who doubt this, the absolutely imperative claims upon the nation's funds;—claims with the satisfaction of which its very existence is bound up. Unless our Government spent thousands every year in making targets which big guns blow to pieces, and big guns which do the same office for themselves, there would be catast-

rophe. Unless more thousands every year were paid to keep both the Sticks, Gold and Silver, as well as all the family of Rods, Black and other, in good working trim, there would be cataclysm. And, unless yet more thousands every year were paid for the travels and presents of young English and middle-aged German princes, there would be general disruption and an end to everything. Consider these things, ye grumblers, and, having considered, attune your voices that we may together sing an anthem over the five hundred sovereigns.

First, however, let us gather inspiration by contemplating what may be done with all this money. The mind loses itself at the prospect, and grows dizzy as the brain of Poor Joe at sight of the law-stationer's half-a-crown. If Dr. Sterndale Bennett be a man of very moderate desires, the Government subvention would go a long way towards paying his salary. It would satisfy a couple of ordinary professors in return for two-and-a-half lessons per week; or, with rigid economy, would keep the Tenterden Street house in coals, gas, and charwomen. Verily, we have reason to say one to another, "Oh! let us be joyful," as we gaze in wonder on the potentiality of five hundred sovereigns. Looking from what may to what will be accomplished, we wax ecstatic. With the entire nation, as represented by Government, for its nursing mother (to the extent above-named), the Royal Academy will grow big and lusty, able to smite the British Philistine hip and thigh, and fill the land with "sweetness and light." Is not such a result cheap at five hundred sovereigns?

Will the Academy ever get more? Who shall say?—but the Government which can bestow so much out of its poverty, may be counted upon to give lavishly out of its wealth. Perhaps there are in reserve for England days when she will be as great and powerful as Belgium. At that time will flow from out her treasury a river of gold wherein the Muses—all the nine of them—shall bathe and be refreshed. At any rate, we hope so.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Miss Edith Wynne has reason to be satisfied with the success of her *début* at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The audience were pleased, and so, for the most part, were the critics, two of whom may represent the rest. He of the *Sunday Times* thus delivers judgment:—

"The *début* of Miss Edith Wynne as *Maritana*, in Wallace's popular opera, attracted an audience which literally filled every available place in the concert-room. No public interest could be more intelligible. Everybody knows that Miss Wynne, besides being a charming singer, has given evidence, time after time, of strong dramatic feeling and great intelligence. The announcement of her appearance on the lyric stage, therefore, was felt to be an event of no ordinary importance, especially by those who at all concern themselves with the future of English opera. *Maritana* was a judicious choice for the occasion. While moderate in its demands upon the histrionic ability of the *prima donna*, the music is of a kind with which Miss Wynne has long been familiar. Among lady artists there is no better exponent of an English ballad than she. The result of her performance we consider entirely satisfactory. Miss Wynne sang throughout with the purity of intonation and depth of expression to which she has accustomed us. In all she did, moreover, there was apparent the high dramatic instinct already mentioned. She entered thoroughly into the spirit of each scene, and from the first established between herself and her audience that sympathy which springs from real earnestness. As a matter of course, there were a good many points of detail in which Miss Wynne showed herself unmistakably a novice. She has yet, for example, to acquire an easy and graceful stage bearing. This, an artist so intelligent as Miss Wynne will soon do; having done it she can take high rank in the English opera that we hope and believe is to be. Miss Wynne was frequently applauded and recalled."

Not less favourable is the verdict of the *Daily News*:—

"On Saturday, Wallace's *Maritana* was produced, Miss Edith Wynne performing the part of the gipsy heroine. Although this was the first appearance of Miss Wynne in opera, her person and her singing are not unfamiliar to the London public. Already a favourite with all who have heard her in the saloon or the concert-room, her performance in the more difficult line of an operatic singer and actress was regarded with much interest, and we may say

at once that it was a distinct success. The rôle of Maritana was happily selected as the one in which she was to make her *début*. The character of the music and the character of the heroine harmonized admirably with her special qualifications, and served to bring out her powers as a vocalist and player under the most favourable circumstances. It would not be fair to try her in the first instance by a part where she would be called on to interpret the most tragic passions either in *aria* or action. This judicious *convenance* imparted to Miss Wynne's performance that ease and self-consciousness which contribute so much to the success of a *début*. But it must be added that there was a firmness and finish of execution which could only arise from a careful and considerate study of the part. The romanza, 'Tis the Harp in the Air,' in the first act, and the *aria*, 'Scenes that are brightest,' in the third, were given with delightful purity and sweetness. In the duettos with Don Cesar and Lazarillo in the last act, Miss Wynne also displayed considerable command over the resources of musical expression. On the fall of the curtain after each act, and at the close of the opera, she was called for and vigorously applauded. She is likely to prove a great attraction to the already popular operatic performances at the Crystal Palace."

On the general question of Opera at the Crystal Palace the *Sunday Times* throws out what seems to be a "feeler." If we could believe the article "inspired," we should be very glad. Here is the gist of it:—

"But what has been done is nothing to what our hope is will be accomplished. That hope is a strong one. The Crystal Palace directors have always shown themselves alive to opportunities (especially in connection with music) and prompt to use them for the best. It would be unjust to suppose that the great success of their opera experiment will not bring forth fruit in due season. We rest assured, therefore, that something will be done to give opera a footing in the Palace on equal terms with the classical orchestral music which has so long been an honoured and a profitable guest. Speculating as to the character of that 'something' is an agreeable occupation. Let us indulge in it for awhile.

"Will the directors in the first place, build a theatre inside their crystal walls? There is 'ample room and verge enough,' while the present accommodation for opera is only tolerable in the case of a temporary experiment. As already pointed out, the shape of the concert-room is the worst possible, and in the transept any performance would be little better than pantomime. Speaking of the transept reminds us that an evening contemporary has suggested 'operas for the people,' which should mainly consist of choruses, marches, and processions, such things being best suited to vast areas. It has been further pointed out that, by cutting down the solos, Meyerbeer's works could be adapted for such a purpose with ease. We should be sorry to see choruses and spectacle put forward anywhere as opera; yet more sorry if anyone perpetrated the vandalism hinted at by our contemporary. There need be little fear that the Crystal Palace directors will do either. If they adopt the opera at all it will be in the artistic form which the masters have recognized, and which, by-the-bye, necessitates proper theatre. With some confidence we look for the creation of the Crystal Palace Operahouse at no very distant date.

"Supposing the house is built what will they do with it? On this point we have few misgivings. Setting aside the popular works, which will, doubtless, receive a fair share of attention, we shall be much surprised if the managers do not make their specialty out of the classical operas which cannot, or at any rate, are not performed elsewhere. Should they do this, what a magnificent field of useful labour will be open to them, and what a boon will be conferred upon all real lovers of art! Few of the general public know what rich stores of classical music belong to the repertory of operas never heard in England. What acquaintance have they, for example, with Gluck's *Alceste*, or *Orpheus*; what with Mozart's *Idomeneo*; what with Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, or *Les Abencerrages*; or, to come lower down, what with Weber's *Euryanthe*, or Spontini's *La Vestale*? These are only a few out of many works now neglected, which a Crystal Palace Opera might bring out into the light for men to see and admire. Doing this, the Crystal Palace would double its already heavy claim upon the gratitude of the musical public, and complete its artistic mission so far as concerns the art divine.

"Such are the possibilities of the future suggested by the actualities of the present. Whether they are ever to be realized we cannot tell, but we rest in hope."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is doing service by girding fiercely at patch-work opera. Last week our excellent contemporary demolished the Princess's *Acis*; this week it has crushed the Olympic *Jean de Paris*, in manner following:—

"Miss Roden, who has opened the Olympia Theatre, avowedly for 'a short season,' seems to have a special predilection for the music of Boieldieu. At present she appears as the heroine in Boieldieu's *John of Paris*. Some years ago she sustained the principal female character in the same composer's *Caliph of Bagdad*—a work of which it is interesting to know that the libretto was written by the eminent Terrorist and lyric poet, St. Just. Boieldieu, like all the predecessors of Rossini, may be looked upon as one of the 'old masters' in music. But no master in his day ever enjoyed greater popularity. The *Caliph of Bagdad*, produced in 1800, four years after the death (by guillotining) of its amiable librettist obtained a 'run' or series of 'runs' of something like eight hundred nights; and *La Dame Blanche*, brought out a

century later, has been played we know not how many times, but certainly more than a thousand. Indeed, the unprecedented popularity of *La Dame Blanche* has itself suggested a piece, in which a French amateur who shares Miss Roden's enthusiasm for the music of Boieldieu determines, after assisting at the thousandth representation of *La Dame Blanche*, to become a Scotchman and to exercise, in that character, the unbounded hospitality known in France as 'l'hospitalité Ecoasaise.' The attempt to realize this eccentric idea leads to a variety of absurdities, as grotesque in their way but more amusing than the performance in honour of Boieldieu presented to us at the Olympic Theatre by Miss Roden, who accords unbounded hospitality to the music of a composer named Taylor. Miss Roden's partiality for the simple, old-fashioned music of Boieldieu would be excusable enough if it were sincere. But under the pretence of offering us Boieldieu she inflicts Taylor upon us—which is as unjust to Mr. Taylor as to Boieldieu himself, to say nothing of the less ignorant portion of the British public, whose feelings ought also, in some measure, to be taken into consideration. We hear a great deal about the progress of musical taste in England; but if the wretched *pasticcio* entitled *John of Paris* finds as much favour with theatre-goers as it seems to have done with critics (whom we defy, nevertheless, to sit out the performance a second time), it will be a clear sign that this progress has been in a wrong direction. Whether *Jean de Paris* is an interesting work or not is a question open to discussion; but whether Mr. Taylor has a right to introduce his commonplace airs into Boieldieu's score is a question which admits of no discussion whatever. It is true, that the audience, or a few individuals among the audience, applaud Mr. Taylor's interpolations. But, even if such applause be genuine, what does it prove except that there are certain persons in the theatre who do not know good music from bad, or who at least prefer the bad? And it is evidently the settled conviction of speculators in what is called 'English opera' that the sort of public to which they appeal will not tolerate good music unless a considerable amount of bad music be mixed up with it. In the days of the Pyne and Harrison Company Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne* was not thought worthy of being set before an English public until it had been garnished with pieces by Mr. Brinley Richards and the late Mr. Tully. Rode's air with variations was thrown in at the end, so that poor Auber, deserted by Messrs. Richards and Tully, might not at the last moment be left altogether to himself; and fortified by this triple adulteration, the light ethereal music of the brilliant Frenchman seemed really to be much relished by its British appreciators."

Who are the critics referred to by the *P.M.G.* as having praised the Olympic *John* we know not. But "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

Advertisements have made known that the Tonic Sol-faists will assemble 8,000 voices at the Crystal Palace next month, with a view to a pale copy of the great Yankee noise-congress. The *Sunday Times* is promptly down upon the scheme, and handles it thus severely:—

"The imitative faculty in our nature is not altogether a blessing. It develops itself sometimes in most disagreeable forms and does no small amount of mischief. One man lights upon a novel form of suicide, and half-a-dozen people straightway follow his example. Another commits some gigantic crime, and forthwith there springs up a crop of like offences all over the country. The phenomenon is general throughout the entire range of harmful and disagreeable things. It was to be expected, therefore, that the monstrous concert of our Yankee cousins, about which so much has been said recently, would find an imitator over here. The expectation will speedily be realized, for the sensation-loving Tonic Sol-faists have announced that 8,000 voices mustered in the Crystal Palace, will perform among other things, the 'Anvil' and 'Hallelujah' choruses in genuine Yankee fashion. We are sorry for the Tonic Sol-faists because they have no better taste; still more sorry for ourselves because it will be our duty to hear the noise they make. What good can possibly come of such absurd gatherings, except the demonstration of their absurdity to those who do not see it beforehand. Do the promoters imagine that art is in any way served by the assembling together of 8,000 imperfectly trained voices for the purpose of making what cannot be other than a confused uproar? If they have read the American journals which are free from spread-eagleism, they must have seen that, with all possible advantage of training, and notwithstanding support from a huge orchestra, the Boston voices could not be kept together. The result was, musically speaking, an unquestionable failure, whatever it might have been from a sensational point of view. Nothing better, nothing so good, can be hoped for here, particularly if the Tonic Sol-faists eschew cannons and anvils. All that will come of the matter, therefore, will be the gratification of our modern love of bigness for its own sake, and the laying a foundation for discontent with any subsequent efforts not up to an equal standard. But the Tonic Sol-fa people like a fuss—witness the theatrical business of the sight-singing test on Wednesday—and no doubt will be in their glory 8,000 strong. The noise they make may not be music, but that will scarcely interfere with their enjoyment."

This is severe, but, after reading it, we are not conscious of injustice. No real good can come of such a gigantic muster as that proposed and the more vigorously it is scouted the better.

[August 21, 1869.]

The *Athenaeum* by no means flatters the Tonic Sol-faists. With reference to their display at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday week it speaks thus:—

"The success of the Tonic Sol-fa Concert at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, was hardly equal to its pretensions. Its pretensions were great, apart from the superiority claimed for what is styled 'the new notation.' Each of the singers (nominally there were 4,500 on the orchestra) had passed an examination, and obtained an 'elementary certificate of proficiency' at least; while, we are assured many had reached a higher grade. Moreover, criticism was especially challenged by the performance at sight of a piece never before heard in public. We may consider, therefore, that the choir was a finished product of Tonic Sol-faism, and that it fairly represented what the method can do. Under these circumstances the concert must be set down as a failure. Although many of the selections were easy, and none more difficult than Handel's 'Theme Sublime,' or the 'Benedictus,' from Weber's Mass in G, few were given really well. The voices were often out of tune with the organ; the 'attack' of the various parts was extremely weak; and the delivery of tone rough and inartistic throughout. These faults were very noticeable in the first, or sacred, portion of the programme, and may account for the fact that only one piece, the well-worn 'Gloria' of Pergolesi, made any effect. The secular music was better rendered, and had a better reception. Against the faults named it is only fair to place the merit of steadiness. Nowhere was there more than the slightest wavering in the immense choir singing together—we believe, without any general rehearsal. To the sight-singing test we do not attach the importance which would belong to it under more exacting conditions. The piece selected—part of an anthem by Henry Smart—is simply harmonized, limited to the tonic and dominant keys, and abounds in passages of imitation. Moreover, before all the copies were distributed, a large portion of the choir had time to give it as much study as was necessary for any but an absolute beginner. That, under such favourable conditions, the little piece was read off remarkably well can surprise nobody. The Tonic Sol-faists are, without doubt, doing a good work by spreading musical knowledge among the humbler classes; but they have yet to show, in a practical manner, that their system is an improvement upon the one they wish to supersede."

The *Athenaeum* prints, also, a letter from Baden, subscribed with the well-known initials "H. F. C." We quote a passage having reference to Herr Brahms, who, it will be remembered, is one of Young Germany's burning and shining lights:—

"The name of Herr Brahms as a composer from whom great things were to be expected, has, for some years past, been known to England. Every work from his pen which has been given out contains some of those touches of happy thought and real invention which distinguish the master from the manufacturer. A pianoforte quartet in A major; a set of duet variations for the pianoforte; another for piano solo, on a stately theme from one of Handel's harpsichord lessons; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and one for pianoforte, violin, and horn—an unsatisfactory mixture—may be specified; each of them built on phrases which the ear clings to and retains. But whether it be from over-solicitude to escape from the well-used classical combinations of form and sequence, the development of all these will fail to satisfy those who demand clearness and sustaining power in music. The episodic matter is too generally vague; the harmonies, though arranged with a view to climax, too harsh and untoward. It may be feared that at the outset of his career the taste of Herr Brahms has been warped beyond the power of Time and counsel to set it straight. The impression made on myself, at least, is one of tantalized expectation and weariness consequent on unperformed promises. It was only by an exercise of blind faith in good intentions, or that craving for novelty which accepts confusion for originality, till at length the ear and the mind become confused, could I arrive at the 'Young German' point of admiration, which is based on the happy conviction that we have to-day a school of inventors who begin where Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn ended as pioneers. To me (for it would be absurd to lay down a law as infallible) the chamber music of Herr Brahms ranks at some distance behind that of Herr Rubinstein. When I compare a pianoforte concerto, a quartet, a trio, a sonata with violin by him with the music I heard the other evening, the Russian composer, though, like Herr Brahms, he may be too prolix, too vague, too disdainful, possibly, of self-correction, rises in right of force, fire, and mastery far above his contemporary. Both, it may be, suffer from living in a time of turbulence and lawless revolution, during which 'foul' and 'fair' are strangely confounded and made synonymous, and the satirist's rhyme—

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought"—
represents a reality."

MADAME PATTI and M. Bagier have been trying their best to induce the *Opéra Comique* to part with *Mignon* and *La Fille du Régiment*. But M. de Leuven declines, and the strength of his determination may be guessed when we say that it was not broken down by an offer on the part of Madame Patti to sing at his theatre one night gratis. M. de Leuven means to keep his own.

PROVINCIAL.

MARGATE.—A correspondent writes of the Hall-by-the-Sea:—

"This favourite place of amusement is nightly filled with large audiences. The concerts, under the clever conductorship of Mr. John Winterbottom, are excellent, and seem to give every satisfaction. The artists engaged this week are: Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Alice May, Master G. F. Hatton, Herr Jona Griebe, and Mr. Edward Murray. The first-named young lady is an established favourite here. Miss Alice May is new to Margate, but she has already succeeded in securing the good wishes of the musical public, and has been nightly recalled and encored in Gabriel's 'Beryl' and 'Weary,' and in Allen's 'None can tell,' 'Beware,' and 'When the Roses blow.' Miss Fanny Holland's most successful songs were Clay's 'She wandered down the Mountain Side,' and Ganz's 'Since Yesterday.' Mr. Edward Murray, another established favourite here, has been singing the Cyclop's song, 'Oh Ruddier than the Cherry.' The clear articulation of his runs, and enunciation of his words, with a certain manliness in style, render his singing of this song most effective. He has also been singing Mellon's 'I ne'er can forget,' 'She wore a Wreath of Roses,' and Gabriel's duet, 'Yet once again,' with Miss Alice May. Master Hatton, the pianist, and Herr Jona Griebe, whose name is new to us, solo violinist to the King of Holland, have been the instrumentalists. Each night a grand operatic selection has been a feature in the programme; and with overtures, marches, and waltzes, a very pleasing concert has been obtained."

SWANSEA.—Concerning Miss Annie Edmonds's concert in this her native town—given on Monday last—a local critic delivers himself as follows:—

"This musical event, which is always looked forward to by the public of Swansea, fully realized the most sanguine expectations. The hall was crowded with one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled within its walls, a gratifying testimony to the popularity of Miss Edmonds in her native town. The concert commenced with the quartet, 'I love my Love in the Morning,' well sung by Miss Edmonds (soprano), Miss Lucy Franklin (contralto), Mr. Nelson Varley (tenor), and Mr. Winn (bass). Hatton's song, 'The Change of Twenty Years,' was next sung by Mr. Winn, after which Miss Edmonds, who was warmly welcomed, sang Rossini's 'Una Voce' in splendid style. The many brilliant passages which occur in this beautiful scene were given with the most artistic finish, and elicited a rapturous and deserved encore. Miss Lizzie Moulding, who, like Miss Edmonds, is a native of Swansea, was very warmly received. Her selection was Hummel's 'Les Adieux de Paris,' which was exceedingly well played. Miss Moulding was encored, as she was also in the second part. Miss Franklin sang 'In questo semplice,' and was encored, substituting 'Il Segreto,' which was even more successful than the first. Mr. Nelson Varley showed by his selection of 'Sound an Alarm' considerable self-reliance. He was loudly encored. Mr. Winn sang his own song, 'Nothing more.' The song and singer being very old friends, were accorded a warm welcome. The other especial features were the ballads sung by Miss Edmonds and Miss Franklin, 'Away to the Mountain Brow,' by Miss Edmonds, and 'The Farmer's Daughter,' by Miss Franklin. Both were encored. Martin's round concluded one of the most pleasant concerts we have had in Swansea for a long time."

LEEDS.—Dr. Spark resumed his organ recitals after the summer recess on Tuesday last. There was a large and appreciative audience, to whom the following selection was very ably played:—

- 1.—March in D Minor, Op. 99, No. 1, Schumann.
- 2.—Pastorale in G Major, from the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* (Part 3), Gustav Merkel.
- 3.—Overture in E Major—Composed for the Exhibition, 1862—Auber.
- 4.—Terzetto, 'Gratias agimas tibi' (*Messe Solennelle*)—from *Chappell's Organ Journal*, arranged by Dr. Spark—Rossini, Andante in B Flat, from the Octetto in F, Op. 166, Schubert.
- 6.—Introduction and Fugue in C Sharp Minor—Dr. S. S. Wesley."

LLANDRINDOD WELLS.—We read as thus in a local paper:—

"On Sunday, the Rector of Neath preached at the Old Church, in behalf of the Pastoral Aid Society. In the evening, a service was held in the large room of the Pump House Hotel, and as numbers were unable to find seats in the room, benches and seats were placed in the court-yard and passages. The service had additional attractions, as it chanced that among the visitors was Mr. Brinley Richards, who arranged the music and played the harmonium. The Rector of Neath read the Evening Service, and the sermon was preached by the Vicar of Aberdare. It may be of interest to state that a concert, in aid of the funds of the New Church at Llandrindod, is to be held on the 18th. Mr. Brinley Richards, with his usual kindness when the welfare of his countrymen is concerned, has most generously consented to assist in the performances of the day, and there will be a concert in the morning and

evening. A large choir from Brecon will attend, under the direction of the Vicar of Llandaff, who with Mrs. Hoskin and other amateurs will add to the attractions of the meeting, at which a large audience is expected."

—
WAIFS.

M. Frederic Ricci has arrived in Paris from Russia.

M. Vivier was to play at Ems on the 2nd of August. Happy Ems!

The new theatre at Breslau was opened on the first of the present month.

A new overture by Signor Bottesini has been played at Baden with success, under the composer's own direction.

Canterbury Hall, erected as a theatre in Washington city, fifty years ago, has been destroyed by fire.

M. Antoine Rubinstein has left Paris for St. Petersburg, with the libretto of a new opera in his pocket. What will he do with it?

The Paris theatres received during July 718,018 francs,—300,000 francs less than during the month previous.

Herr Schubert (Director of the Schubert Society) has left town for the Continent.

M. Maurice Strakosch is reported to have engaged Herr Wachtel for three years.

The marriage of Mdlle. Artôt with the baritone, Signor Padilla, is fixed to take place early in September.

A march by Prince Poniatowski, entitled *Le Centenaire*, was played at Notre Dame on the 15th inst.

Don Carlos has been brought out at Padua with great success;—so says *L'Art Musicale*.

Judith, the new opera by Franz Doppler (libretto by Dr. Mosenthal), will shortly be produced at Berlin and Munich.

The following notice is placarded in the new Vienna opera-house:—"It is forbidden to throw flowers and fruits upon the stage."

Madame Anna Bishop-Schultz left Liverpool in the "Idaho" steamer, on Wednesday for New York, where she has permanently fixed her residence.

"Isaac B. Poznanski, the violinist," says *Watson*, "has just taken upon himself the pleasing responsibility of a wife, and has not been heard of since."

Mdlle. Josey Hoff is on a visit to St. Louis. Large offers are made to induce her to join Grau's German Opera Company as *prima donna*.

S. B. Mills is, *Watson* believes, on Staten Island, but he is not making candles, as Salvi did, nor bricks, as Maretzke does. He is probably making some new music for the coming season.

Herr Carl and Mdlle. Parepa-Rosa are enjoying themselves at St. Catherine's Wells, in Canada, gaining strength for the coming arduous operatic campaign.

M. Perrin has secured Mdlle. Marie Sass for four years, from April next. The lady having threatened to leave Paris for Italy, her re-engagement is looked upon by her admirers as a godsend.

New and elaborate machinery has been introduced into the Munich theatre, and is expected to do wonderful things. Verily, Herr Wagner is a lucky man.

M. Ambroise Thomas will assist at the first representation of his *Mignon* as a grand opera; which is to come off at Baden with Mdlle. Nilsson in the title-role.

The death is announced, at Paris, of M. Theodore Anne, a novelist and art critic of some reputation. Latterly, he had written much for *Le Ménestrel*.

Herr Joachim's salary at the Berlin Conservatoire is to be 2000 thalers per annum, with leave of absence to play at concerts, and to fulfil his engagements in England at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The Choir of Exeter Cathedral is to be restored by Mr. Gilbert Scott at a cost of upwards of £12,000, towards which the Chapter subscribes £3000; the Bishop of Exeter, £1000; and the Dean, £1000.

Miss Julia Schumann, daughter of Madame Clara Schumann, is engaged to be married to Count Vittorio Radicali de Marmorito, in Turin.

Mr. Henry Haigh, the tenor singer, sailed on Thursday for New York, on a seven months' engagement. Mr. Alberto Laurence departed the same day to join the Parepa-Rosa troupe as the principal baritone.

A Boston paper gives the dimensions of Parepa-Rosa's voice as follows: "500 feet long, 300 feet wide, and as high as the Coliseum."

Mdlle. Zeiss is engaged for the French opera in New Orleans which opens in October, to play in *La Prophète*, *La Favorita*, *Il Trovatore*, &c., as the leading contralto.

The Breton International Celtic Congress, much on the same plan as the Welsh Eisteddfodau, will be held at Brest, on the 20th September next. It is to be hoped that the cognate race of the Principality will be represented there.

Among recent deaths in the musical world are those of Signor Angelo Castari, of Venice; Herr M. H. Meyer, of Rotterdam (hautboyist); Herr C. L. Boas, Professor at the Conservatoire, Leipzig, and M. Kirchtnar, of Gratz.

Will the Parisians lose M. Capoul? That is the question. They give him 45,000 francs yearly, but the American Strakosch offers him 15,000 francs monthly, besides 500 francs for every appearance in opera. M. Capoul hesitates, and Paris trembles. The crisis is grave.

M. Faure is reported to have been in the habit of sending his late mother from the theatre an account of every performance in which he took part. At his first appearance since her death so runs the story, he mechanically took pen in hand, but suddenly remembered his loss, and was found shedding "torrents de larmes."

When was it that "pitch and toss" first began to be played? In the pages of Macrobius's *Saturnalia* (circa A.D. 450) this reference to the games of the Roman street boys of the period, may be found:—*"Pueri, denarios in subline jacantes, CAPITA aut NAVIA . . . exclamant"*—*"The boy, throwing up coppers, cry 'Heads or tails?'"*

From announcements made in the Italian papers it seems that the shocking occurrence which was recently brought to light in the Carmelite convent at Cracow, has already been dramatized for two of the Florence theatres. It is also said to be in preparation at a third. At the Prince Humbert Theatre in Florence one of the pieces founded on this subject was to be produced for the first time last Saturday evening, under the title of *La Monaca di Cracovia ovvero Venti Anni murata in una cella*.

The *Morning Star* says:—"Mr. Mapleson never directed the representation on the operatic stage of a more heroic action than that which he has just performed at Worthing. On Saturday afternoon he was standing on the pier, when a child fell into the sea at a point where the water is deepest. While other people were utterly confounded by the suddenness of the accident, Mr. Mapleson coolly plunged into the water, and, after great exertions, recovered the child and brought it safely to land. If the test of bravery be the willingness of one man to risk his own life to save that of another, then Mr. Mapleson is a brave man."

Restored to all its original brilliancy of decoration, the Oxford Music-hall is again to be included among those places of entertainment which allow visitors to enjoy certain privileges unknown to establishments identified with the drama. The new proprietors, Messrs. Syers and Taylor, have provided a sufficiently varied programme to suit the requirements of a general public; and the musical portion derives its chief interest from a cantata called *The Apple of Discord*, pleasantly illustrative of the famous mythological legend. The humours of negro minstrelsy are prominently conspicuous in a combination of all the diversified forms of amusement held in favour by the frequenters of these establishments; and the new management would appear to be fully aware of the energy and liberality requisite to conduct their enterprise to a profitable issue.

Our friend *Watson* has taken Fashion under his patronage, gives plates of the modes, and receipts for cleaning linen. Moreover, he devotes space to "Hymenates," in which we read the following delightfully indefinite particulars:—

"On Thursday, the blank day of blank, for the matter was so entirely and deliciously secret, so far away removed from all human ken, except the ken immediately connected therewith, that we shall withhold even the very date from the world-be-miscreant Mrs. Grundy; on a certain Thursday, sunny and happy as Cupid himself—of the present or last month—*quién sabe?* He, a bronzed and bearded Spaniard, bore off *Her*, a graceful, hazel-eyed, fawn-like American belle, who, by the present chronicler, shall no more be nominated than is the gallant *caballero* above indicated, not even if he, the chronicler, were threatened to be torn in fourteen hundred infinitesimal pieces, by four of the wildest horses the Ukraine territory could produce, a possibility, thank the Lord, by no means likely."

"Fourteen hundred infinitesimal pieces" is good, but not better than the leave-taking of our friend's *Paris modiste*, who says to her editor, "Adieu, mon cher *Art-Watson*, à la semaine prochaine," whatever or whenever that may be.

THE BELLS OF LAMBETH PARISH CHURCH.—Mr. Charles Mackeson says:—"In the tower is a good peal of eight bells, six erected in 1678, and the others added in 1723, when they were all re-cast. The inscription on the first bell states that 'the cost of re-casting and of the two new bells, amounting to near £250, was defrayed by many gentlemen and other inhabitants of the parish. *Sit Deus propitius illus.*' On the two new bells are imprinted twenty-four and six King William's crowns respectively. On tablets in the belfry are records of several peals rung by societies of ringers, and in the churchwardens' accounts are the following:—

| | | |
|----------------------|--|---------|
| "A. 1623. | Paid for rynginge when the prince came from Spayne ... | 0 12 0 |
| A. 1705. } (Ap. 10.) | Gave the ringers when the siege of Gib- raltar was raised ... | 0 12 0" |

Among miscellaneous transatlantic items this week are the following:—

"The design of presenting French grand opera, at the New York Academy, has so far taken shape that an instalment of rent has been paid for the theatre. The season will open about the 11th of September."

"Miss Richings, it is stated, will give English opera at the French Theatre, about the 1st of September, ante-dating Madame Rosa's enterprise by two weeks. The latter lady commences her season at the same place, on the 15th of September."

"Mr. E. B. Moore's opera, *Moola*, is to be performed, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on the 7th of October next, for the first time. The subject is American, like the composer; and an American writer, Mr. E. De Nyse, has supplied the libretto."

"Brignoli gave a concert in Toledo, Ohio, on July 9th. The hall was only half filled."

"The Susan Galton opera troupe are in their third week at the Boston Museum. Business is said to have been much better the past week than on their opening week. *The Marriage by Lanterns* and *The Rose of St. Fleur* were presented the past week. Susan Galton appears to improve on acquaintance, as her singing and acting is pronounced more spirited than before. Her singing of 'Beautiful Snowdrops' is highly spoken of. The musical drama of *Fanchon* is presented this week."

Douglas Jerrold used to tell, with great unction, a little incident of his life. He knew a song writer, a favourite singer in the world's ear, but who got only a small account of rape-seed for his warbling. He had delicate tastes, or he had not sung the harmony which bewitched his hearers; and he lacked the philosophy which teaches the poet to combine plain living with high thinking. He was an epicure, with a journeyman's income: in other words, one of the unhappiest of men. It chanced that on a certain spring morning my father met him feasting, in imagination, upon the tempting stalls of the central avenue in Covent Garden market. The poet's hand played with a void in his pocket, while his eyes dwelt rapturously upon a buxom woman, who, her bonnet ribands thrown over her shoulders to catch the first summer breeze, was shelling peas, daintily as the jeweller drops pearls into a bowl. The two friends strolled together. Presently the poet asked his friend, protesting that the world was buffetting him unto death, for the loan of a sovereign. "I have positively not eaten a dinner this week," said the lyric genius. The sovereign was lent, and the two strolled on. They paused before the vegetable show of the avenue. Three or four cucumbers lay cool, and with unbroken bloom, upon a bed of fresh leaves. "Cucumbers! Not a slice have I tasted this season!" said the bard. "The price?" "Half-a-guinea each, sir," said the shop-woman, gazing lovingly upon them. "And cheap they are." "Fold me one." And the sovereign was placed in the woman's hands, as though it came from a pocket which commanded the Bank cellars. "To-day," quoth the poet, "I shall dine."—BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Frequeters of picture galleries must have observed that all portraits of French noblemen during the mediæval times, and up to the year 1530, represent men with abundant locks, but that from the year 1530, there is an abrupt change: the hair of Frenchmen becoming, from that date, as short as that of a modern jail bird. The reason of this is as follows:—His Majesty, Francis I., happening to spend the Christmas of 1529 at Fontainebleau, organized a series of routs and revels, in honour of the new year. On the 6th of January, it used to be customary for the mummers to elect a king, and engage in a mimic war against a rival party, who would pretend to dethrone the mock monarch. Francis, hearing that the lord of a neighbouring castle had been elected "king" by some friends of his, disguised himself, and went with a party of twenty courtiers to offer battle to the revellers. The challenge was accepted. A fort was erected in the great hall of the castle, and Francis endeavoured to carry it by storm. It was usual to fight with eggs in guise of shots, and bags of flour in lieu of maces; but after a while the strife waxed hot, and somebody threw a lighted brand, which fell upon the disguised king's head and felled him sense-

less. The wound was a very serious one. For some time Francis remained in bed, and when he made his re-appearance amidst his court, his hair was cropped quite close, while his beard, on the contrary, which he had always up to that time shaved off, had been suffered to grow luxuriantly. Imitation being the sincerest flattery, the courtiers hurried off to put themselves into the haircutter's hands. Gradually the people followed the example. Hair became short, and beards lengthened. From France, the fashion passed into England and other countries. It lasted nearly a century.

Music and iron bridge building have not much in common: the idea of uniting the two is not one that would occur to an ordinary mind. They have, however, been happily wedded by Mr. W. Airy, son of the Astronomer Royal, and a civil engineer, and the alliance promises to be fruitful in valuable applications. In constructing iron bridges, roofs, girders, and the like, where heavy parts are held together by lighter bars or tie-rods, a great difficulty is encountered in arriving at the strains to which these rods are exposed; this applies especially to suspension bridges, in which a weight upon the part of the roadway alters, more or less, every suspending rod in the span. The tensions may be calculated, but the mathematics is complicated, and the figuring laborious. Mr. Airy proposes to determine them by the aid of musical sounds, and he has lately exhibited in engineering circles a model showing with great success the application of his ingenious method. It is well known that two wires of a similar material, thickness, and length, will, if stretched by equal weights, and put in vibration, emit the same musical note. Mr. Airy, therefore, takes a length of the same wire as that employed for the ties of his model, he hangs it from a pin, and attaches a scale-pan to its lower end. By means of a moveable bridge he cuts off a portion equal in length to the tie he is testing. Then he twangs both tie and monochord, and loads the scale-pan till the sound given out by both are identical, when the weight in the pan is equal to that by which the tie is strained. In this way the tension in every bar in his model can be determined in an hour or two. This application shows the advantage of occasionally going *ultra crepidam*; a civil engineer who stuck to his formulæ would never have thought of it. But what is a civil engineer? I have heard satirical definitions whispered in Great George Street, which I will not repeat. To be Johnsonian I would call him a man who knows much of a few things, and who ought, by inference from the above case, to know a little of everything.

The Germans have held their eleventh National Saengerfest in Baltimore amid much effusion. The correspondent of a New York journal thus notices the affair:—

"The Saengerfest, opened on Sunday evening, July 11th, with the rendition of Handel's *Messiah*, at the Maryland Institute. The solo parts were sung by Madame Johanna Rotter (soprano), Mdlle. Frederici (alto), Herr Franz Zimmer (tenor), and Herr Joseph Hermanns (basso). The chorus consisted of 300 and the orchestra of 40. It was, beyond all question, a grand musical triumph. On Monday morning (12th), the great parade of the various saengerbunds took place. The first division Maryland National Guard, consisting of nine regiments of Infantry, was ordered out as an honorary escort, and presented a magnificent appearance, besides lending much *éclat* to the occasion. The famous 'Arion' Mannerchor, of New York, carried a banner with the following waggish fling at the 'Boston Jubilee,' which created the greatest merriment along the route:—

"O, from the Boston noise still sick and sore,
I took a ride to Baltimore,
Where they, as every one may see,
Now hold what is a Jubilee."

A striking feature in the procession was the Baltimore Bakers' Association. They had a large wagon with a large oven at which the craft were engaged in baking bread. The prize concert took place in the evening at Maryland Institute, and eighteen societies contested for the prizes, consisting of two grand square pianos. It is estimated that about 4,500 persons were in the audience. The singing was listened to with eager attention. The rehearsal for the grand concert by the United States singers came off, at the Maryland Institute, on the 13th, at 10 A. M., and, in the evening the grand concert was given consisting of twenty-five hundred voices, and an orchestra of 40, under the leadership of Professor Charles Lenschow. General Grant, with a portion of his Cabinet, having accepted an invitation to be present, the hall was densely crowded with about 5,000 persons, but the President did not make his appearance. However, the performance commenced with the overture *Robespierre*, during which, the 'Marseillais Hymn' was introduced. The invocation hymn to 'Sunrise,' by Hammu, sung by the united singers (2,500 voices), with full orchestral accompaniment, was thrillingly sublime, and the audience was perfectly carried away with the rapture of their feelings. Zum Walde—'Unto the Forest'—by the Philadelphia Mannerchor, was also superbly rendered. The first prize composition hymn, 'On Den Gesang,' composed by Von Herrmann Franke, was sung by the Baltimore Liederkrantz. They did justice to the composition, in which there is nothing peculiarly striking. The 'Fest' overture, by Hohnstadt, opened the second part. It proved a brilliant production, and when the strains

'Hail Columbia,' broke on the ear, the appreciation of the audience rose to enthusiasm. The closing piece, 'Song of Victory,' by Franz Abt, was grandly executed, and thus ended the *concert portion* of the grand Saengerfest, conceded by all to have been a musical treat, such as is but seldom enjoyed."

Writing about the longevity of actors in the *New York Despatch*, Mr. Howard Paul says:—

"The stage, whatever may be urged against it in some respects, is a healthful profession, and conducive to long life. A hundred examples in various countries point to this conclusion, and when we remember the hard study of the actors, their necessarily late hours, their emotional experiences, the incessant demands that in society make upon them (find who more charming society?) the wonderful cosmetics they use on their faces—the purpures, the poudre de riz, the rouge, the uxurine *pour le yeux et le veins*, and bismuth for making up—it seems curious it should be so. But we've only to run over a list of well-known comedians in active force to ascertain that longevity and juvenility of appearance seem their special characteristic. As one illustration take Mr. Charles Mathews, who floats about the stage like a butterfly, and counts up sixty-five years. He possesses the same elegance of figure and vivacity of spirit that distinguished him thirty years ago. There is Benjamin Webster, at least seventy, who still plays with remarkable force, and he has been an author as well as actor, and has managed two, if not three theatres at the same moment. Buckstone, Compton, and Creswick are along in the sixties; and as for W. H. Payne, of Covent Garden, he has left seventy a long way behind, and walks as erect as a boy, and nightly goes through pantomimic fatigue that would prostrate some of the young men of the period. Madame Celeste, who still plays young ladies, was a 'star' in 1830. Mrs. Stirling, despite her grey hair, looks five and twenty when she is animated. Mrs. Mellon has been acting away any night these thirty years, and as for John Parry did he not enchant our grandfathers, and is he not doing the same for our children? Mario is nearly, if not quite, sixty, and women yet fall in love with him; and Lester Wallack, of New York, if he would count up carefully, would reach half a century, is at this hour the best looking *jeune premier* on the stage. The French theatre abounds in similar examples. Dejazet, recently, at eighty, played the *Premiers Arms de Richelieu*, and looked five and twenty. Arnal, Ravel, Frederich Lemataire, and Hyacynthe, have all passed their twelfth lustre, and they look as fresh and work as hard as they did a score of years ago. *The Dame aux Camelias* was recently played at a Boulevard theatre, and the combined ages of Armand (Laferrière) and Marguerite (Madame Duverger) were one hundred and four years. Paul Legrand, who was born about the time of the Directory, is still agile in his rôle of Pierrot; and the truly veteran St. Foy, of the Opera Comique, who seems antediluvian, grimaces and sings through his nose as he did more than a quarter of a century ago on those same boards."

LEIPSIC.—A new Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte was produced at one of the recent meetings of the *Tonkünstler-Verein*. It is from the pen of Herr Bürgel, and is pronounced a composition of a high order.

LEMBERG.—During Herr Sonntheim's engagement here lately, the chorus struck, and would not appear until they had received all the arrears owing them.

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